In Imitation of HUDIBRAS.

THE Diſſenting Hypocrite, OR *Occaſional Conformiſt*; WITH REFLECTIONS On Two of the Ring-Leaders, &c. *VIZ.*

I. Their *Works* and *Writings.*
II. Their *Profeſſions* and *Principles.*
III. Their *Qualifications* and *Parts.*
IV. Their *Perſons* and *Practices.*

——*Ne pars Syncera trahatur.*

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Ward, Edward.

TO THE

READER,

Whoſe Heart is entirely Engliſh.

IF Her *Majeſty* had not been palpably ſtruck at by ſome *Anti-Monarchical Club-Writers*, I ſhould never have ſet *Pen to Paper* towards the awarding off the *Blow*. Both the *Perſon* and the *Cauſe* require an *Alarm*. 'Tis Time to *Prepare* when the *Trumpet Sounds*. *Rebellion* was always loud, and *Witchcraft* ſeldom ſuffer'd in a *Calm*. The *Devil* himſelf hardly ever *appear'd* without giving *Notice*, or making a *Noiſe*.

The *Principles* of the *Common-Wealth-Party* are ſo *Uppiſh* of late; That it is as plain as the Sun, if they had *Power*

to their *good Will* of putting them in *Practice*, they would quickly play their *Old Game of One and Forty* over again, even to the making of a *Royal Head* pay for't. Their Menaces against the *Queen* ſmell rank of *Rebellion*, or *Brow-beating* Her *Authority*; not to ſay *Worſe*: And their keeping up an *Anniverſary Calves-Head-Feaſt* ſtill to this Day, in Deriſion of *One Decollation*, looks as if they had ſtrange *Stomachs* for *Another*.

This is a Great Charge, but neither Falſe nor Uncharitable; becauſe it is *juſtified* as well by their *Actions* as their *Principles*. There is a *Way* yet to diſappoint the Deſigns of both the *One* and the *Other*; and, *that is*, in my Opinion, with *Submiſſion*, to be upon our Guard, either as to *Conceſſion of Demands*, or *Protection and Advancement of Perſons*: For ſet ſuch *Proud Beggars on Horſe-back*, and the *Proverb* is upon us to all Intents and Purpoſes; *they'll Ride*——

Occaſional

Occaſional Conformity is but a *Trick*, both upon the *State*, and the *Church as by Law Eſtabliſh'd*; a *Modern Policy of Republicans* and *Diſſenters*, to ſtrengthen their own Factious *Intereſt* by weakening the *QUEEN's Party*, *Power*, and *Prerogative*; a meer *Sham* of *Religion*, and a *Shame* to *Government* as well as *Chriſtianity*. But what need I ſay more? The Growth of *Hypocricy* is ſo Great, and the Danger of *Occaſional Conformity* ſo apparent, that the *Parliament* has already thought fit, *more than Once*, to conſider how to *Prevent* it. Our Wiſe *Senators* are neither to be Bubbled nor Bugbear'd, by *two Fac'd Chriſtians*, and ſuch *Monſters of Occaſional Communion*, who can Diſſemble with GOD at the very *Altar*, for *Secular Preferments* and *Places of Truſt*; who are of *One Religion* in the *Morning*, and of *Another* in the *Afternoon*: *Diviſion* being as Natural to *them* as the *Day* is *divided*; but yet as inconſiſtent the

One

One with the *Other*, as *Light* and *Darkneſs*. *Neutrality* in *Religion* is Nonſenſe. Thoſe that pretend to ſerve GOD *one hour*, and Bow to *Baal* the next *Opportunity*, are never to be Truſted in this World. But there's little or nothing to be ſaid farther upon this Matter, after Sir *H. Mackworth's* Excellent *Peace at Home*; which would be the greateſt Happineſs and Bleſſing perhaps that could be, *Rightly* Conferr'd upon *England*. I ſhall only *add* this, That thoſe *Diſſenters* who are not *Contented* with the Extraordinary *Toleration* they enjoy, but graſp at *greater Matters* ſtill in the *State*, have *other Deſigns* in their Heads than *Peace* and *Quietneſs*, or *good Neighbourhood*, either at *Home* or *Abroad*.

However, the *Hypocriſy* of ſuch People put me upon writing this *Doggrel Poem* againſt the *Occaſional Communicants*, with particular *Reflections* upon their *Ring-leaders*, *Tools*, and *Tantivy-Boys*; wherein

wherein I have not ſtrain'd the *Satyr* beyond the Rules of Faith and Good Manners: And for the *Authority* as well as *Credit* of what I have here Aſſerted, I refer my *Reader* to Two Pamphlets call'd The *New Aſſociation*, written by the moſt Loyal, Candid, Learned, and Ingenuous *Author*, that ever appear'd yet in Black and White upon this *Subject*. Beſides that, in ſeveral Places, Honeſt *Heraclitus* will Vouch for me; and *Laugh too, becauſe he Wins.*

Farewell.

THE

THE CONTENTS.

THE **Shortest Way** *is plainly level'd against the* Government, *both in* Church and State.

More Reformation *instead of mending the Matter, makes it worse; Abuses the* Clergy, *and Justifies* Occasional Conformity.

The **Hymn to the Pillory** *Condemns all Persons that are not of his Kidney, to stand* there *too; how* Innocent *soever.*

The **True-Born-Englishman** *was the very* Quintessence *of* Roguery, *for Abusing all* Mankind *that ever liv'd in this Country.*

The **Occasional Communicants** *are thought* Saints *in Comparison of* True Churchmen.

Few Clergy-Men *have yet opposed their* practices, *unless the* Orthodox Author *of the* NEW ASSOCIATION.

Some Unsincere persons *crept into the* CHURCH.

Their Zeal *is to set the* Nation *all in a Flame.*

Their Hypocricy *and* Destruction *still Masqu'd with* **Reformation.**

The Contents.

Sedition *is the* Independents *Buſineſs.*

They Condemn other *People's Faults, but hugg their* own.

The Town *is grown ſo very* Whiggiſh, *that no* Papers *almoſt but of that Quality will* Take.

Machiavil *and* Hobbs *are the greateſt* politicians *with thoſe People.*

Such Spiritual Merry-Andrews *as* B——ges, *&c. Pleaſe even to Deluſion.*

They Cry-out perſecution, *before ever they are* Hurt.

They only want our Church-Livings.

They call True Church-Men *all High-flown* Papiſts.

They Hector and Threaten the QUEEN.

They revive all the Notions of the Old Regicides.

All Diſſenters *are agreed to do the* Eſtabliſh'd Church *what Miſchief they can.*

Their *Contention with* Us, *is not ſo much for* Religion *as for* Intereſt.

Dr. Sharp *formerly Accepted the* Biſhoprick *of St.* Andrews, *even upon a* Remonſtrance *he brought to* King Charles *the Second againſt* Epiſcopacy *in* Scotland.

They Revile the Church of England *for a* perſecuting Church.

Occaſional Conformity *is a flat Contradiction to the* Goſpel.

The Whigs *raiſe falſe Stories and Lyes to create* Jealouſies *and* Fears *in the* people.

They threaten what they'll do if they loſe the Liberties *already granted them.*

Their

The Contents.

Their preaching *is full of Railing and Ribaldry against our Eſtabliſh'd Powers.*

The Caſe is alter'd ſince K. William *died.*

They ſtrike at the Root and Branch of the Royal Family.

They hate Monarchy, *and cry-up* Commonwealth-Principles.

They write as if they were poſſeſs'd with Legion.

Some Commonwealths *thrive and get by the* war

Modern Republicks *perhaps were not ſo righteouſly founded.*

No Government deſtroys Patriarchal *Right more than* Democracy.

If Republicans *would begin at* Home *in their own* Families, *they would ſoon diſcover their* Errors.

Their Communicating *with us is All* Hypocriſy *only for holding* Great Places, *and doing us a Miſchief into the Bargain.*

Samuel Johnſon, *commonly call'd* Julian, *and* Stephens *of* Sutton, *were great Enemies to the* Eſtabliſh'd Church.

The Church muſt needs be divided, *that would deſtroy it ſelf by* Latitudes *and* Comprehenſions.

They would change our Liturgy, *and ſay it is* Blaſphemy *to pray to be* deliver'd *from* Sudden Death.

If we ſhould Grant *all their* Requeſts, *the* Lord *knows where their Ambition would ſtop.*

The Fable *of the* Wood's *granting a* Handle *to the* Countryman's Hatchet, *is an exact* Emblem *of their* Deſigns.

The Contents.

They wou'd do well to go and Affiſt *the poor People of the* Sevennes, *and take the* Hugonots *along with them.*

They never make a Conſcience *of* Liberty of Conſcience *once granted.*

They were always unthankful *to their* Benefactors, *as if they were bewitched with* Rebellion *and* Ingratitude.

When They *were in* power, *they thought it a* Sin *to grant any* Toleration *to* Church-Men.

And yet the Gracious QUEEN *purſues no* Law of Retaliation *againſt them.*

The Obſervator *is a* Commonwealth's-Man, *the* Diſſenters *Tool, and a* Traytor *to the Government.*

He's Oats's *Creature, and has all along Caball'd with him.*

He was Sentenc'd to be Whipt *in the* Weſt, *for* Treaſonable practices *againſt* King James *the ſecond; but upon his* Petition *to be Hang'd out-right, was by a* wonderful Mercy *Pardon'd.*

He was always nibling at a Plot *againſt* the Lord Nottingham.

He turn'd Informer *againſt the* Commiſſioners *of the* Victualling-Office; *but his Deſigns were fairly baffled, for a* Knave *as he was.*

He's fitter for other Preferment *than a* Secretary of State, *or a* Commiſſioner *in any of our Offices of Truſt, Civil or Military.*

He holds that barbarous Mock-Feaſt *of* Calves-Heads *every* 30*th of January in* Deriſion *of* King Charles's Martyrdom.

He

The Contents.

He is that Ridiculous Poet, *who writ those prophane curſed* Anthems *againſt the Sacred Memory of that* juſt One.

Such Inhumane Practices are not the way to have that Monſtrous Crime *ever either* forgiven *or* forgotten.

The Plague *and the* Fire of London *look'd like* God's *Heavy Judgments upon it for that horrid* Sin.

This Scribler *is a perfect* Incendiary.

He laugh'd heartily when White-Hall *was laſt on* Fire, *and ſaid it was a Juſt Judgment for what the* STUARTS *had done there: But the* Banqueting-Houſe *was ſav'd, as he Aſſerts, becauſe* King Charles *was Executed before it.*

London *was ſhrewdly ſuſpected to be* Burned *by ſome* People *of his own* Principles.

He's fitter to manage an Amour *with a* Miller's Wife, *than to Reform the* Government.

Old Noll *call'd the* Third of September *his* Lucky Day; *for his* Diabolical Succeſſes *againſt his* Lawful Sovereign.

Some Oliverian *Officers or Soldiers Piloted the* Dutch *up the River to* Chatham *and burn'd our* Ships *there.*

The **Whigs** *in* Scotland *formerly tamper'd to bring in the* French *there.*

The **Whigs** *in* England *have endeavoured more than once to expoſe us to the* Dutch.

'Tis not Time out of Mind, ſince **Oxford** *was threaten'd by ſome of Them to be laid in Aſhes.*

Stephen Colledge's *Tantivees and Raree-ſhows were Calculated for the Deſtruction of* King Charles *the Second.*

The Independents *cut off the King's Head, while the* Preſbyterians *held up his Hair.*

The

The Contents.

The Observator's *Business is only to advance* Rebellious *Notions, and revive the* Anti-Monarchical *Principles of* Forty One.

He's very angry that Ballads *should be made and Sung against his dearly Beloved* Presbyterians.

He deters the Non-jurors *from* complying, *with Bugbears of* High-Treason; *if they had never so great a Mind to come-in.*

He has an Old levelling *Stroke at the* Queen, *and affirms that the* People's *Power is* Co-ordinate *with the* Queen's.

In the next place, he asserts that She may, *and* ought *to be call'd to an* Account; *for granting a* Pass *to the Lady of* Tyrconnel *to come over hither from* France, *only to settle some Domestick Affairs.*

The Whigs *would have the* Bishops *excluded out of the* House of Lords, *and the* Inferiour Clergy *to be Deprived of their* Votes *in the* Election of Members of Parliament.

The Convocation-quarrel *gives* Them *an Advantage.*

He would fain make People *believe that our* Constitution *is not* Safe, *and that the* Dissenters *must be forc'd to send their* Children *into* Foreign Countries *for* Education.

'Tis probable this Grand Whig *does not think his Party included in the* Text, for Submitting to the Higher Powers.

The Apostles, *he says, knew nothing of our* Constitution; *and so perhaps our* Government *is not to be directed by the* Gospel.

How they *have treated all our* Crowned-Heads *since the* Reformation.

The

The Contents.

The Diſſenting Hypocrites *and* Occaſional Conformiſts, *are purſuing their* Old Practices.

The Scots *have begun to make* New Solemn Leagues *and* Covenants.

Old Arts *are carry'd on by* Modern Policies *againſt the Peace and Welfare of this Kingdom.*

It may be hoped, that this Good Parliament *will Conſider whether the* QUEEN *and the* Nation *be* Safe, *without the* Penal-Laws *in Force.*

The Whigs *in* Holland *threaten to make an* Idol *of the Prince of* Hannover, *againſt the* Church-Men *and* Tories *of England.*

THE

ERRATA's.

PAge 76. line 2. *read* yet allow. pag. 77. lin. 9. read *This Good and Loyal Parliament will ſure:*

THE
Diſſenting Hypocrite,
OR;
Occaſional Conformiſt.

WHen Scribes to Reaſon ſaid *good Night*,
And thoſe that ſcarce could *Read* would [*Write*,
A Man with *Hebrew* Prophet's Name,
Shut up his Shop in Search of Fame,
Who thought the **Shorteſt Way** to be
Promoted to the *PILLORY*,
Was firſt to make a mere blind Widgeon
Of all *Eſtabliſhed Religion*;
And leave-off's Paltry *Stocking-Jobbing*,
To fall directly down a-Mobbing
And Rail at Miniſters in Power,
Like Fox who ſaid the Grapes were ſour,

Only becauſe he could not get
To reach ſuch a Delicious Whet.
Thus the *Diſſenters* Fav'rite-Tool
To gratify, muſt play the *Fool*;
And, like a *Fly*, muſt blindly caper,
Till it is ſinged in the *Taper*.

But then he had a freſh *Occaſion*
To put in Print **More Reformation**;
Where he, to ſhew his mighty Brains,
Sets forth leſs *Penitence* than *Pains*,
To write a *Book* for *Royal Pardon*;
Which he had Study'd very hard on,
To Scandalize the *Clergy*'s Actions,
And breed more Civil *Whiggiſh Factions*;
In hopes Religious Rites to Murder,
And fling out Decency and Order,
As on the Surplice he caſt Dirt,
And call'd it Antichriſt's foul Shirt.

Now

Now was there ever ſuch an *Otter*,
Thus to Revile both *Land* and *Water*?
Who lives by *All*, and cannot ſpare
Law, nor *Divinity*, nor *Warr*;
And kills *Men* juſt like freſheſt *Samon*,
Whom he's a Mind to make a *Game* on.
Let this *Amphibious* Wretch go free,
When we regain our Fiſhery;
And the Dear Dutch give up their *Buſſes*,
To make Amends for all our *Loſſes*
In Twelve Years unrewarded Croſſes.

The *PILLORY* was but a Hook,
To make him write another *Book*:
His lofty *HYMN* to th' *Wooden-Ruff*,
Was to the *Law* a Counter-*Cuff*;
And truly, without *Whiggiſh* Flattery,
A plain *Aſſault* and downright *Battery*:
For he Accuſes the Recorder
Of *Brutal* and *Fanatick Murder*;

Adjudges *Him* againſt the *Law*,
To ſtand where he had made his *Show*.

But *All men* that will not *Diſſent*,
He puts in the ſame *Pred'cament*;
And in's Vagaries nobly ſtickles
For th' Honour of their *Conventicles*.
The *Church* be damn'd with his Reproaches,
That on their *Liberties* encroaches:
All Rogues but thoſe wiſe godly *People*,
At Enmity with *Houſe* call'd *Steeple*.

Thus he leaves-off, as he began,
T' abuſe the True-Born-Engliſh-Man.
Surely he Factious *Pamphlets* writes
For Humble *Pyes* or *Paper-Kites*;
Or elſe *They* have their proper Uſes,
And fill the *Neceſſary Houſes*.

For

For **Tartaretus** ne'er *thus* writ,
Or his *own Country* so *Besh——t*,
In point of Manners, and indecent Wit.

However yet, he'll boldly tell us,
Peers of the *Realm* are but his *Fellows*;
Poor little *Pimps* and *Massanello's:*
And without farther *Ceremony*,
They're *Knaves* and *Cheats* that only *Fun* ye
Out of the Peoples *Lives* and *Coin*,
E'er since the *Battle* of the **Boyn.**
But sure his Righteous *Quality*
Ne'er sprang from Good Morality.

For Calumny, Reproach and Scandal,
The *De'il* himself may hold the *Candle*,
To this malicious grand Impostor
Against our Sacred **Pater Noster**,

Which

Which teaches *Christians* the *forgiving*
Their *Trespasses* to all Men living.

So much for his Notorious *Works*,
Fit for Jews, Infidels, and Turks;
To sow *Division* among *Christians*,
And make 'em think us all Philistins:
But not one David left t' engage
This Great Goliah's mighty Rage.
One would e'en think the Sons of Jesse,
For want of *Force*, were not *in Esse*;
No Vigour, Courage, or brave Action
To Curb a *Monstrous* growing *Faction*.
Th' insulted Levites have not thrown
At th' *Men of Gath* one Conqu'ring Stone.
It looks as if they were engaged
In *Solemn League* with the Enraged,

Sworn

Sworn Enemies of Israel's *Laws*,
T'advance the Old *Rebellious* Cause.
Ye know those bloody Lyons by their Paws.
But *One* irrefragable *Writer*,
To oppose Dalilah and fight her:
The *Rest* disheartened, or afraid
That Sampson should not be Betray'd.
Such insincere and treach'rous *Friends*,
Pursue their own sinister Ends;
And only want a fair Occasion,
To undeceive the bubbled *Nation*:
Else we'd soon see in th' *English Plain*,
The Presbyterians *Champion* slain.
Such Proud and *Anti Christian* Spirits,
If they're not punish'd for Demerits,
Will soon advance the Alcoran more
Than ever Mahomet did before;

And in a fatal wond'ring Trice,
Tranſport us all to *Paradiſe*:
Or elſe both Mecca and Geneva lyes.

His *Zeal*, like *Cannon-Balls*, is hurl'd,
T'embroil and not to mend the World.
Pride's dangerous groſs *Exhalations*
Turn into *Light'ning* and *Vexations*;
Should *this Land* take like any Tinder,
'Twould quickly burn it to a Sinder.
Such boiſt'rous *Bigots* never *Thunder*,
But 'tis for *Sacred* or *State-Plunder*.
For certainly he ſays his Prayers,
To ſet us all a-Fighting by the Ears,
And yet he writes devoutly Civil,
As any *Puritanick Devil*;
Who ſtill appears in Rays of Light,
To hide the grizly *Hypocrite*:

He knows with any other Dress on,
He'd ne'er delude nor take *Possession.*
Thus he Cajoles the Cred'lous Nation
In Canting Terms of **Reformation**;
And is not this of Sense an odd Piece,
To Slander Good **King Harry's** *Cod-piece?*
As if his *Tenents* were not Good
Because he was of *Royal Blood*;
And writ a Book against Old *Luther*
To blast *Fanatick* coming *Truth* here.
Sedition ne'er so Rampant grew,
To damn the *Old* and bring up *New*
Inventions, to Purge, like strong Clysters,
Both Church and State of Good *Ministers*;
As if in his *Dissension's* Frolick,
They were all troubled with the Cholick.

This Schismatick false *Quack*'s Endeavour,
Is not the *Good* from *Bad* to sever;
But raise the *Humours* to a *Fever*.
For all their *Crimes*, and there's an End on't,
Are *Great*, 'cause they're not Independent.

A *Tender Conscience* should be *tender*,
Left it *offend* against th' *Offender*;
Not others *Vices* so Lampoon,
To credit and advance his Own
Uncharitable Censures more;
As 'twere turn *Bawd* to damn the *Whore*:
To beat *one*'s Brains out such a Fact is,
To be reveng'd of *others* Practice.
Of *Justice* this is one Character,
A *Judge* should be no *Malefactor*;

Nor

Nor do an *Ill Thing* to Condemn,
Turn Brute to Worry other Men.

Thus the *People's* Minds debauches,
From *Meaneſt ſort* to thoſe keep *Coaches*;
Corrupts the fond Seditious *Town*,
A meer *Fanatick* Adder grown
Againſt the *Churche's* peaceful *Charms*:
Deaf t'all but *Whiggiſh* loud Alarms.
No *Papers* FOR the *Church* will take;
But what's of the Diſſenters Make,
Goes down with luſhious greedy Swallow,
And *their* Unhallow'd *Works* All hallow.
Whoop! All the Clergy's Deer are Fallow;
All *Raſcal, Straying* and *Out-Lyers*,
Old *Liberty of Conſcience*-Plyers;

Who'd rather run the Risque of *Jayls*,
Than keep within the *Churche's Pales*:
Too *narrow* for such noble Souls,
Whose Boldness *Heav'n* and *Earth* controuls.
Their Notions Machiavillian, Hobbish,
Draw *Multitudes*, because they're *Mobbish*:
Their Cunning Canting *Rebels* urges,
And *Captivates* like merry Burges,
The *Simple*, who admire the Pranks
Of Spir'tual *Juglers*, *Mountebanks*,
That tell 'em of *Soul-saving Physick*
To Cure *Consumptions* or a *Ptysick*
In *Body*, or in *Mind* and *Purse*;
Which makes the *Patients* ten times worse.
For such Religious *Quacks* kill more
Than *Ars'nick Wine*, or *Hellebore*

E'er

E'er cur'd of *Phrenzy* and *Distraction*
Among the *Melancholy* Faction.
Thus with ill *Principles* they Poyson
All those they'd have to make a Noise on
The Dangers of a *Persecution*,
By the last fatal *Revolution*;
For fear of losing their blest Station,
The Benefits of **Toleration**:
When there was never more Occasion.
But yet their *Railing* breaks no Bones,
Like *Furioso* fighting **Jones**:
Tho' they ingross with their *Abuses*
Most *Printers*, *Hawkers*, *Coffee Houses*,
Who dare scarce deal with *Loyal Books*,
Against the **Whigs**, those Pow'rful **Rooks**;

That

That will have nothing now to do
With *Jackdaws*, or the Chatt'ring *Jew*
Who love **Old England**, not the *New*.
They would a *New Religion* make,
And burn the *Old one* at a Stake.
But still there's a *Dissenting* Crew
Would fill the *Vacant Churches* too;
Preach in our Pulpits with bold Faces;
Supply their *Abdicated* Places,
Could they our *Priests* turn out of Doors
For Sons of *Babylonish Whores*.

Avaunt bold *Puritan* Buffoon,
Far less a *Christian* than a *Clown*;
Unmannerly and Scandalous,
T' Abuse QUEEN, *Lords* and *Commons* thus;

To

To thy *Superiors* basely Rude;
To thy *Inferiours*, *Equals*, Proud;
To all Mankind a burning Shame,
An Infamy to common Fame:
Become a grand Imperious *Hector*,
For want of some kind *State-Protector*
Of thy own slovenly *Persuasion*,
Who can *Conform* upon *Occasion*,
Without Dissimulation, hearty
To serve a *Turn* or please a *Party*;
And bravely worship GOD and *Mammon*,
The *Church of England* to enflame on;
Or clip her *Wings* and low'r her *Sails*,
Or to short *Stumps* pare her long *Nails*.

Newgate

Newgate perhaps may thee Inſpire
With lewder Crimes and bolder Fire;
For to predict from Human Reaſon,
Thy next Offence will be *High Treaſon*:
What ſignify thy *Peccadillo*'s?
Do ſomething *Braver* than thy *Fellows*:
Thoſe Regicides in Days of Yore,
Could ſwill themſelves with *Royal Gore*.
Hang't, nothing your *Rebellion* hallows,
Like Dying for it at the Gallows.
The *Pillory* is but an Aſs
To the Grand *Traytor*'s Looking-Glaſs;
Where it appears a Glorious Thing
To take an Everlaſting Swing,
Againſt a *wiſe*, *good*, *juſt* and *lawful King*.

Thou

Thou art but yet a *Pillry-Peeper*;
A *Kennel-Raker*, *Chimney-Sweeper*,
A *Tinker*, in good Comparison
With Bradshaw, Ireton, and Harrison,
For *Blacker Crimes* and *Better Mettle*;
To sound a *Brass Poetick Kettle*,
Our *Monarchy* to mend and alter,
Without the *Wages* of a *Halter*.
Tho' thou mayst think a *King's Grand-Daughter*,
As fit for *Independent Slaughter*.

I'll give you now some *Honest Verse* on
His fam'd *Profession*, *Parts*, and *Person*;
According to the good Old Story
Distinguishing a Whig from Tory.
One of whom is Masculine,
The t'other a Canting Femine,

Will Fetch and Carry any Matter
That may the *eaſy Church* beſpatter;
He'll duck, dive, fiſh in troubled Water,
Like any *Anabaptiſt*-Prater,
Who in a Puddle ſometimes Preaches
Regeneration above Breeches.
Their Practices are much the ſame,
One dips, and *t'other* drowns the *Game*:
For equally their *Flock's* deceiving,
They damn Men either *Dead* or *Living*.
But in *Opinions* ſtill they differ,
VVho ſhould be Obſtinately *Stiffer*,
Againſt good *Diſcipline* and *Union*,
To overthrow the *Church-Communion*:
And yet 'tis hard to ſay however,
VVhich is the Arranter *Deceiver*.

Rather

Rather than stop *Division*'s Gap,
Dantel would sure turn *Anabap*;
Or th' *Anabap.* turn *Independent*,
To get o'er *England* the Ascendant.
So *Rogues* unite and *Rogues* agree
By *Diabolick* Mystery,
To set the *Honest Men* at War all,
That they may *rob* them in the *Quarrel.*

Religion never was the Squabble;
For *Int'rest* made the *Whiggish Rabble.*
When e'er they rais'd the greatest Bluster;
The *Church* revil'd, prophanely curst Her;
Remonstrated against her *Truths*;
A Bishoprick would stop their Mouths.
I need not mention some *Scotch Prelates.*
Let him renounce, that living *Well* hates.

Let *him* that came from *Covenanting*,
Leave off his Hypocritic Canting;
Retract his falſe Unthankful Flouting
The *Engliſh Church* with *Perſecuting*,
E'er ſince the Time o'th' *Reformation*
Down to his preſent *Lordly* Station.
He that thinks ſo o'th' *Church*, 'tis fit,
Should firſt in *Peace* relinquiſh it;
Or elſe by his own *Argument*,
He's but a *Perſecuting Saint*,
For All's pretended Moderation
In loud Harangue and long Oration.
He that is ſuch a *Church*'s Paſtor
In Perſecution and Diſaſter,
Muſt needs be ſtil'd a *Perſecutor*,
Till he *renounce* Her for the Future.

Were

Were e'er, *God save our Gracious Queen,*
Such *Presbyterian Bi—ops* seen?
Who can *Episcopacy* flatter,
And hold it betwixt *Wind* and *Water,*
In This *profess* it, at Command,
Abolish 't in *Another Land.*
What must then be poor *England*'s Woes
'Twixt *Bishops* Friends and *Bishops* Foes?

Conform and *not Conform*'s a Fiction;
In *Practice,* a flat *Contradiction,*
T'our Saviour CHRIST's one true *Communion:*
And may chance spoil the *Scottish Union.*
Now he that *veers* and *shifts* his Sail,
Is of all sides and cannot fail;
But he that has *Religions* many,
Will ne'er a *Martyr* die for *Any.*

The

The Reaſon's plain and true, for why?
Such *Weather-Cock-Conformity*,
Argues their *Conſciences* are ſwerving,
To the dear Int'reſt of *Time-Serving*.
But if the **Scot** ſhould catch a **Tartar**,
Perhaps he might die half a *Martyr*.

This Snarling *Curr* his Teeth reveals;
He'll bite a *Church-Man* by the Heels;
But on an honeſt *Whig* will whine,
Like any loving *Valentine*;
Who doats upon his Frantick Brother
Orſin; as *Mad* the *One* as *t'other*.
He'll fawn and wag his Flatt'ring Tail,
And ſerve his *Maſters* to a *Jayl*:
(Th' **Elders** will fail *him*, if *he* th' **Elders** fail.)

And

And farther too upon *Occasion*;
Create a Popular Invasion,
By dismal *Apprehensions*, blacker
Than Schomberg's *Irish false Massacre*,
Of *Popish Bugbears*, Cutting Throats;
When Mercies are our Real Faults.
Thus he'll, upon a fair Correction,
Revive th' *old Civil Insurrection*,
With lying *Clamours* and base *Stories*
Of rigid and pernicious Tories;
Corrupt *High-Flyers*, *Evil-Doers*;
All favour'd by the *Higher-Powers*:
To cramp their *Liberties* with Frights;
To preach up *Popery* to rights;
To stop the Mouths of their dear *Mob*,
With Old Doctrines of *PASSIVE OB.*;
And from the *Houses*, some call *Steeple*,
Decry their *Sov'reign Lord the People.*

But

But for all this, who dares be Bold
To touch their Righteous *Copyhold*?
For if they lose an Inch of Ground;
With *Royal Head* they'll ne'er compound,
Till it's *Struck-off*, or else at least *Uncrown'd*.
Rebellion's just and sanctify'd
In *Courts*, where *Tyrant Kings* are try'd.
This was their *Quondam* Canting Tone;
Vox Populi in *Forty One*:
And *now* again reviv'd Aloud,
Amongst the vast *Dissenting* Crowd,
With *Menaces* against *Queen ANN*;
If e'er *She* dare turn Cat in Pan.

Dan's Fustian Zeal and zealous Fustian
Glows with such rapid fierce *Combustion*;
Sure this false furious fiery Prophet
Came from the burning Valley *Tophet*;

Would

Would, as our *Israel*'s damning Scoffer,
Her *Truest Sons* to **Moloch** offer;
And at the Famous *Hall* call'd *Salter*,
Erect the *Devil*'s Murd'ring Altar;
Or raise a Scaffold up at *Pinners's*,
To cut-off *Anti-Whiggish Sinners.*

They rail at random, at all Ventures;
Make all Men *Devils* but *Dissenters*:
Or else they're *Popishly*-affected,
And don't deserve to be *Protected*,
By *Sec'lar Laws* or *Ecclesiastick*,
According to the Learned **Bastwick.**
But see how Civil Fashions vary
Since Good **King William** and **Queen Mary.**
When **Kings** of *Modern Contract* reign,
All's right in the *Fanatick* Vein.
At an *Hereditary Queen*
The *Whigs* do raise their poysnous Spleen.

Is there a **Stuart** yet *Alive*,
That will not let *Dissenters* thrive?
What! Is there a *Successive Sovereign*
Hinders *Republicans* to govern?
Confusion always was their *Pray'r*,
Against the Kingdom's *Lawful Heir*:
Their *Principles* are to destroy All,
Both Root and Branch of *Issue Royal*;
Or teach 'em th' old *Politick Dance*,
And send 'em All away to **France**.

Their Spirit ever was *Antartick*
To *Government*, that's true **Monarchick**.
What! Shall they wear a righteous *Whiniard*,
And let th' **Wildboar** destroy the **Vineyard**?
Yes, Better far, and more Divine,
Than a whole **Herd** of *Rav'nous Swine*.

While

While they our *Monarchy* decry,
And lewdly bawl Things run *too high*;
They would *Bare-fac'd*, and not by *Stealth*,
Fain introduce a **Commonwealth**:
A Form of *Government* that's fitter
For **Legion's** Friends and **Lambert's** Litter,
Who, like *those Hogs* of old poſſeſſed
In happy *Lands* and *Times* moſt bleſſed,
Ran fiercely on to their Undoing;
But *Theſe* are Worſe to *court* their *Ruine*;
By falſe *Republick's* fatal Pranks,
And *Treaſon's* Practices, not *Thanks*;
Subverſion ſtudy'd, not *Subjection*,
For their mild merciful *Protection*:
Elſe they muſt own to All the Nation,
That by *Infernal Inſtigation*,

They act on *Precipices*, *Dangers*,
Ruines, to which they are no Strangers.
Needs muſt, they ſay, *when Devils drive*,
Or elſe the *Swine* had ſcap'd *Alive*.

What! though in Holland or at Venice,
A Commonwealth now ſo Serene is;
Poſſeſſing either Peace or Plenty,
Vaſt Traffick, and each precious Dainty:
Their Neighbours have not one in Twenty.
In rich Ariſto-Democracy,
They thrive but by their *Hypocriſy*;
The *Int'reſt* of their *Money* payd,
They only make *This War* a *Trade*:
Howe'er a Commonwealth's a *Weed*,
Of ſuch a barb'rous barren *Seed*,
Lab'ring *Republicans* may ſow,
In England it will never *grow*.

This

This Matter has been fairly try'd,
Or **Oliver** is ſore *Bely'd*.

What Great **Republicks** were of *Old*,
In *Hiſtory* is fully told;
But for our *Modern States* and *Mighty*,
They're not ſo very Good or *Righte-*
ous, as ſome Zealous *Bigots* think:
For *Truth*, All told, would make 'em ſtink.
They owe their *Riſe*, their *Growth*, and *Order*
To *Robbery*, *Rebellion*, *Murder*.
Banditties, *Pirates* of the Ocean,
Of *old*, confirm my *preſent Notion*.
Some *others* did of Life bereave
The *Prince* and *Biſhop* of **Geneve**.
That *Antient Sore* would need ſome *Salving*,
But *then* the **Cow** was juſt a-**Calving**.

Others

Others again, like fickle *Frogs*,
Were weary of their Kingly Logs;
And without more ado Assaulted
Their *Lawful Monarch*, and *Revolted*:
But if the Cruel Stork should come,
He'd Tyrannize and Cop up *some*;
Or thro' all Frogland cause a *Croaking*
Against the *Doom* of *their* Provoking.

Who likes a *Democratick* Form
After that blust'ring bloody *Storm*,
Which this whole Kingdom then confounded
'Twixt Cavalier and Cruel Round-Head;
Let *Him*, I say, begin at Home;
And as *He* is the Major Dome,
Not keep his *Family* i'th' Dark,
And play the rigid Patriarch;

But

But give his *Children*, *Servants*, Right
Equal to his own Pow'r and Might.
When *They* begin to cut his Throat,
And leave him not a *Scottiſh Groat*;
If *He* with *Reaſon* then can bear it,
He is in *Earneſt*, I will ſwear it:
And *otherwiſe*, it is a Jeſt
To put gull'd *People* to the Teſt
Of their enveigling damn'd Deluſion,
To breed the *Government*'s Confuſion.
A **Commonwealth**, to ſpeak more nice,
Is but a *Scab* with many *Lice*,
Which would on **England** ſoon determine
The *Plague of* **Egypt** with thoſe *Vermine*.

When **Whigs** *Hypocriſy* find rampant,
They plauſibly *Religion* ſtamp on't:
So falſe **Republicans** are pure,
As *Whores* at Chriſt'nings look Demure;

Formal

Formal appear, and ſober godly,
Yet ſtill moſt ſingularly Odly;
They can their *Countenance* behave,
As *Senators*, auſtere and grave:
But, *Janus-like*, they have *Two Faces*
To reconcile *Two diff'rent Caſes*,
And hold *Communion* for *Great Places*:
As if *Religion* were but *Local*,
And *State-Preferment* Sins did *Cloak* All.
Thus are, from *Scripture Union* freed,
The *Devil* and the *Saint* agreed.

Now theſe Occaſional Non-Cons,
Encourag'd by the *City-Dons*
And ſome late treach'rous *Whiggiſh Parſons*,
Church-Baſtards, diſobedient, rare Sons;
Divide th' *Eſtabliſht Church's Law*,
That we can't know a *Friend* from *Foe*:

As Johnson, Stephens, and some *other*
That would destroy their *Lawful Mother*;
For if *Church-Papists* we allow,
There are *Church-Presbyterians* too;
Who'll on *Occasion* change the Church,
Turn Whigs, and leave *her* in the lurch.
Thus may the injur'd *Church* complain,
At Heart, of an *Intestine* Pain;
Her Sacred *Bowels* torn to pieces
By Rav'nous *Wolves* in good *Sheeps Fleeces*:
As *Tree* in *Fable*, that alledges,
She's split in *Two* by her own *Weages*;
For all close *Schismaticks* agree
To cut it down, and cleave the Tree.

That **Church** is Moderate and Easy
T' *excess*, which would be **Felo de se**,
By Latitude and Comprehensions,
That make such wild and vast Extensions;
Throw down the *Church*'s just Enclosures,
To let in *Coblers*, *Tinkers*, *Hosiers*,
Who Pray *Extempore* and Preach
That GOD may never heal the *Breach*.
This *Truth* can be deny'd by no Man,
If once the *State* the *Church* lays **Common**,
It must inevitably Dine
O'th' *Fat* all **Pharaoh**'s *Leaner Kine*.

If fam'd *Hugh Peters*, *Baxter*, *Bunyan*
Are proper Standards for an **Union**;

If *Sh—re*, or *F—*, or *H—m*, or *Taylor*,
Or Brethren of the Quaking *Naylor*,
Have writ such strong convincing Reasons
For to Reform our Church's *Seasons*;
To change our *Feasts*, or *Fasts*, or *Fairs*:
Then England is at its last *Pray'rs*.
I'll warrant they would finely Purge ye,
Your base Established Liturgy;
Make your Offensive *Litany*
To smoke like any Betony;
Burn it as *Funk*, or keep it as *Fodder*,
For their *Back-sides*, the Jakes foreboder.
If *they* had *their* devouter Sway,
You never should in Publick pray
From sudden Death to be kept free,
Which *they* call horrid *Blasphemy*.

But I say, From such wretched Errors
Against the *King of sudden Terrors*,
In Peace, Good Lord, deliver *Us*;
Leave not *True Church-Men* dying *thus*.

If *we* should grant their vast *Petitions*,
Not all the *Spanish Inquisitions*
Have *Christians*, *Jews* tormented more
Than they'd afflict us with their *Pow'r*:
Full Pow'r obtain'd made Judas
So Rude, so Rampant as he was,
To Ride his *Royal* Sov'reign like an *Ass*.
A *King* may give, and give and grant,
Till He *Himself* an *Alms* may want;
May want a *Lodging*, to his Sorrow,
When Whigs his *Throne*, *Crown*, *Sceptre* borrow

By

By Force of *Arms* and Curs'd *Rebellion*;
Whose *Word* no Prince again can rely on.
What made the Scots Just Charles sell?
He gave an *Inch*, They took an *Ell*.
'Tis true they Sold him in their way,
But English Whigs did for *him* Pay;
The Bargain struck, an *Union* wrought,
One Sold him, and the Other Bought:
Had *Scots* e'er such a *Market* seen,
If *English Chapmen* had not been?
Such fatal *Condescensions* make
Crowns totter, and Great *Kingdoms* quake,
Or put their *Councils* in Confusion,
For the next *sudden Revolution*.

There

There goes a *Melancholy Story*
Of a kind **Wood**, good-natur'd, sorry
E'er to deny a fair Requeſt
To craving *Man*, or hungry *Beaſt*.
One day a civil *Country Fellow*,
As Modeſt, Mealy-mouth'd and Mellow,
As ſoothing **Whig** in ſober Mood;
Deſires a *Handle* of the **Wood**,
To that great *Hatchet* in his Hand.
The **Wood** forthwith grants his Demand.
As ſoon as *Royal Oak* did ſtore him,
Tho' to *Fidelity* it ſwore him,
He Cut down all the Trees before him.
The very Hedges were afraid
To feel th' *ungrateful Murd'ring Blade.*

This would have vex'd a Heart of *Oak*,
And even made a *Stone* t'have ſpoke.
When **Whigs** in former Days *Things tore all*,
They to this *Fable* made the **Moral**.

Theſe *Perſons* ſure the more they have,
The *more*, like *Leeches*, ſtill they crave;
Ne'er ſatisfy'd, nor Full, nor Faſting,
But the *forbidden Fruit* ſtill *taſting*;
Till glutted with *Inhumane Food*,
At laſt they burſt in Stink and Blood.
Their Natural and Boundleſs Temper
Is calculated fit for **Empire**;
The *Difference* of *their* Opinion
From *ours*, is want of **Sole Dominion**;

Nor

Not founded half so much in Grace,
As *Offices* of *Trust* and *Place.*

Sure these Couragious threat'ning Boys
Dare go t' assist the Sevennois;
Their *Cause* is just, so near a-Kin
To what *they* never thought a Sin,
Rebellion for Religion-sake.
The Devil may the Hindmost take.
The lazy Hugonots will join
So Great and Noble a *Design,*
Their lawful *Rights* for to Regain,
And Conquer cruel France and Spain;
I hope not bring the Example back again.
The Charitable Kind Mr Peer
Will certainly go *Voluntier,*

Upon

Upon so glorious an Adventure
Of piercing **France** through to the *Centre*;
To reinstate poor **Refugees**,
Upon a *True* and *Lasting Peace*.
No **Changling Duke** will then refuse,
But soon the strongest Party chuse;
And his *own Children* disinherit,
Rather than not their *Friendship* merit.
There never was a *Project* braver!
May Wind, and Tide, and Time all favour
Our **Whigs** Confed'rate, gone *Abroad*
To squeeze the Head of **Gallick Toad**,
According to *Old Nostredamus*;
Those Wights may say, and who can blame us?

May't have Succeſs o'er France and Rome
To the laſt *Day of Foreign Doom*;
So it prevent a Civil War at *Home*.

In *Liberty of Conſcience* granted,
They fairly have what they ſo wanted;
But then they ought the *Juſter* be,
Make *Conſcience of that Liberty*:
Not uſe it as a Stalking Horſe
To treat their *Benefactors* worſe;
Not exceed ſlily their own Bounds,
And treſpaſs upon other's Grounds.
Thus *Partridges* in Fields are driven,
By Licenſe to a *Sportsman* given,

Into

Into a laid entangling *Snare*,
Before *Poor Creatures* are aware:
So by Experience we are taught,
That eaſy *Princes* may be caught.
If they've *falſe Calls* and *baſer Tricks*,
And play the *Devil* on two Sticks;
Or, *Potchers-like*, deſtroy the *Game*
Thro' **Liberty** to do the ſame:
If things are ſo indeed; in my Senſe,
They never ſhould have any **Licenſe**
For Hunting, Hawking, Fiſhing, Fowling;
But be condemn'd to Night's *Scriech-Owling*,
And not confront the brighteſt Day
Of *ANN*'s Illuſtrious dazzling Sway,
With their *blind Flights* and their *licentious Prey*:

But now their *Darling* they enjoy,
Not to *Defend*, but to *Annoy*
Th' *Authority* that gives them Peace,
Great Power and Religious Ease;
They wound the *Giver*, as they please,
Like the kind Hand that's stung with thankless Bees.
Of *Old*, when *they* were Uppermost
In *Government*, and rul'd the Roast,
Then *Liberty of purest Conscience*
To *Royalists* was arrant Non Sense;
They might not *Preach*, nor *Pray*, nor *Teach*,
And hardly had the Leave of *Speech*
In *Publick*, or in *private Schools*:
No, *they* were no such *Gen'rous Fools*.

But

But since the *Tables* are now turned,
And those rejoyce that have once Mourned;
Why, in the Name of solid Reason,
Should not the Whigs be out of Season?
For, to an Impartial *By Stander*,
What's Sauce for Goose is Sauce for Gander.
And this not half so hard a *Bone* is,
Nor so severe a Lex Talionis,
As their *Barbarities* have been
From *martyr'd* Laud's Time to the *QUEEN*;
Who gently reigns upon a changed Scene:
Who hath deny'd them nothing yet
Of Liberty for *Safety* fit;
But what some *Liberty* do call,
That's *Rope* enough to hang 'em All.

And

And yet *She* is as much Maligned
As any QUEEN that ever Reigned,
With their vile *Threats* and desp'rate *Libels*
Sufficient to confound our Bibles;
Which tell 'em of their common Failing,
To bring no Accusation railing.

But I'd almost forgot their *fervent*,
Most *Zealous*, *Faithful*, *Humble Servant*;
The Commonwealth-Men's Observator;
That Up-start and Audacious Traytor;
The Manager of all their Notions
Prescrib'd in bitter deadly *Potions*,
T' infatuate the *State* made drunk,
And make the poyson'd *Church* turn Punk.

For

For Sense and Reason, there's not much in
Bold Latitudinarian Tuttyin.
Lyes, *Lewdness*, and *Libertinism*
Can ne'er authenticate his *Schism*:
But with *Big Words* and *Noise* he'd fright us,
Not undeceiv'd by HERACLITUS
That *He*'s the Creature of *Old Time*.
For *He* the Tenth Part not the *Wit* is
Of Honest Loyal Mr. *PITTIS*;
There's no Comparison for *Parts*;
For Learning, or Ingenious Arts.
'Tis Odious to compare his Notes
With *Ought* but Fuller or False Dats
For *Evidence*, and Hardy-Back
In Impudence's Common Track

Of

Of finding Plots of *their* Creating;
Traducing Illegitimating,
To Death their *Lawful Princes* hating:
Only *He* dreads a deserv'd *Whipping*;
Loves no Old Sores of Jack's up-ripping
Once ev'ry Year through Market-Towns,
To be a Jest to Country-Clowns
In *Dorsetshire*, by cutting Capers
For Writing Treasonous damn'd Papers.
He *then* Petition'd against *Life*,
And *Lashing* with eternal Strife;
For, to be hang'd *He* rather wanted:
And more the Pity 'twas not granted.

This

This Monstrous, Swarthy, Huge Gog-Magog
May call contending *DAVID* a Dog;
But *Truth* and *Justice* reigning so,
They'll soon fetch down th' insulting *Foe*.
In the *last Reign* he might look Big,
A Topping and Imperious **Whig**:
But *Now* he must pull in his Horns;
Humbly *Submit* to what he Scorns;
Leave off *Informing* and his *Plotting*
Against the Noble Lord of *Notting-Ham*, and those other Just *Commissioners*,
Whose *Lives* and *Places* this **Petitioner's**
Design was to have Overthrown;
T' advance *Himself*, or raise his own
Beloved *Party* to the yielding *CROWN*;

Or to Great *Office* and *Estate*,
Upon the Ruines of *their* Fate.
This *Greasy Fellow* lov'd good *Vittles*,
And caus'd the *Butchers* whet their Whittles,
Intended by this Bloody *Rake*
To kill the Sacrifice he'd make:
While *They* were knocking down their *Beeves*,
He call'd the Officers grand Thieves;
And wish'd, instead of *Hogs* or *Goats*,
To fall a-cutting all their Throats.
Howe'er this *Blockhead* was not Wise
Enough to Win th' appointed Prize.
His giddy Brains too did miscarry
Of being England's Secretary:

And

And yet *He* ſhould *Preferment* have;
There's ſome *Reward* ſure for the Brave.
Yes ſure, *He* does deſerve his Part,
From an entirely Engliſh Heart,
To be promoted to a *Whipping-Cart*:
Or ſince *He* underſtands the Trade,
Like any Butcher of the Blade
That e'er the Garden yet frequented,
For *Manners* ill, foul *Language* vented,
As Mutton *rotten*, or Beef *tainted*;
We might a Proper *Office* ſpare,
Make him Guts carry to the Bear.

Of His base *Practices* beware ye,
The Thirtieth Day of January;
For *then* his mighty Stomach wambles
So much unto the *Butchers* Shambles,
He would some CAVALIER devour,
Like any *Tiger*, in his Pow'r;
If *Markets* did not *then* afford
Store of *Calves-Heads* to please the *Lord*
And Master of that Mocking-Feast,
To gratify the Hungry Beast;
And satisfy his empty Skull,
Who from a Calf now's grown a Bull:
This is such *Language* as *He* writes,
And Carrion's fit enough for Kites.

Thus

Thus *He* applauds a Barb'rous *Deed*
As ever was by **Rogues** decreed;
The Cutting-off that Good King's Head,
From whence so many *Monsters* bred
That still deride and mock the *Just*,
And persecute him in the Dust.
In *this* their *Malice* does appear,
They do behead him ev'ry year;
As far as *Spight* and *Power* reaches,
Or *Ridicule* their *Revenge* teaches,
In **Calves-Head-Mock'ry** to behead
The sacred Ghost, and happy Dead.

This

This **Tutchin** is the *Calves-Head Poet*,
Th' inspiring *Devil* needs must know it;
Who at that *Feast*, for lofty strains,
Rebellious *Poetry*, and Pains,
Deserves the Honour of the Brains.
But all his study'd jingling Whims,
Curs'd *Anthems*, and unhallow'd *Hymns*,
Will never make the *Crime* forgotten
Till such as *he* are Dead and Rotten;
Nor *can* that *Sin* e'er be forgiven,
Till their Repenting's Seal'd in Heaven:
Unless *they* wrest the Angry Rod
From th' Hand of an *Almighty* GOD;
And would Usurp upon their *Maker*,
Like **Lucifer**, their **Undertaker**;

Or

Or else, for fear of Plotting *Papists*,
Attempt to make all Men turn Atheists.
Great JOVE of old *such Giants* hurl'd
Down to convince th' Aspiring World.

In spite of *Plague* and *Fire* fullfilling
GOD's Vengeances against King-Killing,
Th' obdurate Whigs persist in Temper,
Are obstinately *iidem Semper*;
T" oppose Her who is Still the same
Of Her *Grand-Father*'s Faith and Name:
Her MOTTO's to preserve the *Crown*,
But theirs is meant to pull it down.
When WHITEHALL last was all in Flames,
Near to the helpless gliding *Thames*,

This

This glad Incendiary was pleaſed
To vent his Gall, and have it eaſed
Of his inhumane dogged Malice
Againſt the *STUART*'s harmleſs *Palace*;
Which never did *him* any wrong
To make him write its *Fun'ral Song*:
For *little Curs* don't bite a *Stone*,
Till it is fiercely at 'em thrown;
Or hits, or bruiſes them, or breaks ſome Bone.
But for deteſted things committed
By *STUARTS* there, he thought them fitted;
And it a *Judgment* was but juſt,
To ſee it burnt down to the Duſt:
As if kind Heaven puniſh'd *Houſes*
For *Perſons* Crimes, whom he abuſes.

How

How came *Fire* then not to destroy All,
As well the *now call'd Chappel Royal?*
Why, *He* does give us this bold Reason:
Because *King Charles*, for *High Treason*,
Was Executed just before it
(For which *he* must for e'er adore it)
By Publick Justice of the Land;
That *Stately Pile* does therefore *stand*.
Thus *he*, with heinous Joy transported,
Condemns the *Place* which he once courted.
Sure Cruel Nero did but grin,
Compar'd with Tutchin's merry Pin,
At his own burning *Shame* and flaming *Sin*;
As merry *then* unto the Life,
As when he kist the *Miller's Wife*;

Who kindled with a new Deſire,
Extinguiſh'd ſoon his ruder *Fire*:
He's better far at thoſe Intrigues
Among the pureſt Female *Whigs*,
And underſtands the *Petticoat*
More than the *Politicks* he wrote,
E'er ſince *He* was a *Whiggiſh* Tool,
And did commence an April-Fool.
Let *Him* enjoy his lewd Amours,
And not diſturb the Higher Pow'rs
With Notions as *corrupt* as his own *Whores*.

Howe'er, perhaps this Upſtart *Rumper*,
A *Commonwealth*'s New-Model'd Trumper,

A *Broker Trooper*, or *Soliciter*
For *Rebels All*, to ſpeak *Simpliciter*;
Who does delight ſo much in *Burning*,
And *his* own Country overturning:
Can yet ſome Tidings or Tale tell us
Of thoſe Miſchievous wicked *Fellows*,
By whoſe *Conſpiracy* poor **London**
With fatal Fire was wholly undone;
His Antient *Friends* and old *Acquaintance*:
Presbytery and **Independence**
Set People ſtill at Work on thinking,
The Good Old Cauſe was almoſt ſinking;
For diſcontent with th' *King*'s Returning,
They were reſolv'd to fall a-burning,
And lay *Glad London* all in *Mourning*.
We may with Reaſon now remember,
It was the *Third of Black September*;

Which *Old Noll* call'd his Lucky Day
Thro' all his vast Usurping Sway:
Till, on *This Day*, he fairly paid
The damned Contract he had made.
If *Others* so observ'd the *Day*,
Perhaps they may as dearly pay.

Dissenters thus were still a-*Plotting*,
And *Loyal Men* with *Lyes* besotting;
That *hidden Fires* they should not *quench*,
Till Scotland had call'd in the *FRENCH*;
Or English Whigs had done as much,
Betray'd our *Country* to the Dutch;
For *Oliverian Rebels* taught 'em
To Burn our safest *Ships* at Chatham:

So that a *Royaliſt* ſtill dreads;
To be reveng'd of *Crowned Heads*,
They'd Sacrifice this Happy *Iſle*,
And make it but One *Fun'ral Pile.*

How Jolly Tutchin's Heart would flutter
To ſee the govern'd Nation's utter
Deſtruction, and the *STUARTS* Names
Extinct, and *Commonwealth-Men's Frames*
Riſe, *Phœnix* like, out of their dying *Flames*!
How he'd Rejoyc'd in witty Flaſhes,
If *OXFORD* had been laid in Aſhes,
Not to be quench'd with humane Gore;
As it was threaten'd heretofore
By a Great Son of a deluded Whore!

He

He might **Tantſbees** then have Sounded,
Like any proſperous Old **Rounds-Head**,
And made the *Royaliſts* acknowledge,
The Martyrdom of Murd'ring **Colledge**;
Whoſe deep-projected **Raree-Show**
Was to have ſtruck *Another* Blow,
As *Fatal* as the *Former* Stroke;
Which greater *Wrath* does ſtill Invoke:
But **Rowland**, *Oliver* ſoon Sounded,
And ſo their *Plots* were All confounded.
Perhaps *He*'ll ſay I am miſtaken,
To ſave his *Own* and his *Friend*'s Bacon;
They have *Another Game* to play,
And can *diſtinguiſh* their **Old Way**:
The **Presbyterians** did not do it,
And th' **Independents** muſt allow it.

But

But when that *Royal Blood* was spilt,
Their Hands were Both imbrew'd in Guilt;
And *Equally* concern'd *they* were;
Each had his Wish, each had his Pray'r,
These cut his *Head off*, Those held up his *Hair*.

But after All this mighty Bustle,
Enough to vex the Ghost of R——sel;
Great Sh——bury's sure Rest Disquiet,
And make *Dissenter's* all run Riot;
Or raise the Manes of the Dead,
Who *Cerberus* in Triumph lead,
To justify their *Faction*'s spreading,
And, *Hydra*-like, our *Kings* Beheading:
His viler *Principles* must come next,
To keep the Closer to his *Text*

Of

Of preaching up *Rebellious* Notions;
Binding as *Witches* ſeal'd Devotions;
Who having *Sign'd* the Black Decree
Muſt ne'er look back to *MONARCHY*:
But act on ſtill, altho' they damned be,
Unleſs they could by Craft *Hell* level,
And ſo *Uſurp* upon the Devil.

His *Firſt Advance* runs very High,
Demands to know the Reaſon, why
Ballads are ſung of *Oliverians*,
Reflecting on the *Presbyterians*;
Boldly preſcribes unto the Nation,
To damn ſuch Things by *Proclamation*:

Angry

Angry to find *himself* among
The Old Phanatick Rebel-Throng,
The Baſeſt Subject of that Loyal Song.
Thus touch him in an *Antient* Sore,
A gall'd Horſe Winces ſtill the more.

He raiſes next his Soaring Flights
Againſt the dang'rous *JACOBITES*;
For 'tis *High-Treaſon*, of his making,
To ſay NON-JURORS are for taking
The *Oaths*, or that *they* love *QUEEN ANN*,
Shew what *Reſpect* ſo e'er they can:
So *he* deters Them from *Complying*
By his Notorious way of Lying;
For if t' affirm *They love Her*, be
A *Capital* groſs Injury,

Then, in the Name of *Newgate*, why
Leſs Sin t' aſſert *They* will *comply*?
For fear, according to his Reaſon,
Of being Guilty of *High Treaſon.*

In Monſtrous and *Uncrowning* Strokes,
To pleaſe *Republican*-Good-Fo'kes;
He oft attacks the *QUEEN* with Spight,
And grants the *People* equal Right;
He queſtions *Her PREROGATIVE*
Extended farther than *they* give:
And if *She* ever *Higher* mount,
They'll call Her to Severe Account.
As, *he* does heartily declare,
He wiſhes that *She* falſeſly were
For a moſt Innocent and juſt Affair;

Leave

Leave for a *Person*'s coming over
From *France* to *Rochester* or *Dover*,
To settle some Domestick Matters
Here, or beyond the *Irish Waters*.
What ails this mighty furious Man?
She with her brought no *Warming-Pan*.
Ay; but *She* might have here detected
What *he* had long ago Projected:
As if the *Lady of Tyrconnel*
Might have their *Practices* undone All;
Their *Secret Historyes* Betray,
Confound th' Intrigues of *Mary Gray*.
But now *he* may be out of Pain,
For *She*'s long since return'd again;

Without

Without *Impostor* or a *Bastard*
Fobbed upon this jealous Dastard;
Altho' th' Imaginary *Whore*
Had justly laid it at *his* Door;
Chimera-Brat of *his* own Getting
For want of *Royal Parents* fitting;
When *he* threw-up his Nose in Air,
And, *Stallion-like*, could Smell a *Mare*,
Had not at all conceiv'd a *Son* and *Heir*.

At this rate, on a slight Occasion,
The *QUEEN* must buckle to the *Nation*;
The *People's* Pow'r's *Co-ordinate*
With *Royal Might*, in a Free-State;
Which has been more than one good Prince's Fate.
Thus *he* revives what was invented
To make our *KINGS* be *Parliamented*;

Accountable

Accountable for ev'ry Action,
To pleaſe a Domineering Faction;
And make the *Contradiction* good,
A *QUEEN*, and *NO QUEEN* underſtood.

He damns the *Biſhop*'s Pow'r and *Clergy*'s,
For High-Flown *Sons* of *Boanerges*.
Such Superſtitious Falſe Black Coats
In *Parliaments* ſhould have no *Votes*;
Nor for the *Members* in *Election*,
To make Secure their own Protection.
Biſhops with Inſolence *he* treats,
And ſays *they* ought to have no *Seats*
In the moſt *Noble Houſe of Lords*,
By Teſtimony *he* affords
From none but Cromwell's *Cancelled Records*.
He'd not allow a *Convocation*
Of *Clergy-Men* t' aſſiſt the Nation,

Unleſs

Unless *they* Quarrell'd about Right
Of *Sitting* and *Adjourning* might:
So when *Two Dogs* oft fight alone,
The *Third Dog* carry's off the *Bone*.

From hence *he* does *Prognosticate*
By Partridge's Foreboding Fate,
Or *his* own duller Hatching Brains,
There will be Arbitrary Reigns;
And so *they* fill the *Nation*'s Ears
With spreading Jealousies and Fears:
For what says *Oliverian Ra'pho*?
Our *Constitution* is not *Safe*, ho!
The *People* are made Silly Fools,
Not *Right* in *Church*, nor *State*, nor *Schools*;
But must the *Youth* of their *Perswasion*
Put out to *Foreign Education*:
He means, to Prompt the next Invasion.

Thu

Thus this *Rebellion-Observator*,
The very Kingdom's *Nutmeg-Grater*;
Would *Monarchy*, with Sweet Surmises,
E'en crumble into *Whiggish Spices*,
That should, in Frolick, Season High
The next ensuing *Calves-Head-Pye*;
To which he would with bolder Face
Than Cromwell's *Chaplain* e'er, say *Grace*.
What signify our Cramping *Laws*
Which *Gospel-Liberty* o'eraws?
For tho' it teach profound *Submission*
To *Pow'rs* of Lawful Acquisition;
We've had Good *Kings* and *Princes* many,
But Whigs were never *True* to any:
That Scripture is Obscure, Perplext;
They're not included in the Text.

This

This Argument they had from *T—land*,
Who lately ran away to Holland,
With his own *Scripture-Canon* blest;
For fear, *It* our *Divines* should wrest,
Because he durst not stand a Learned Test.
Pryn, *Burton*, and their *Writers All*,
Were Wiser far than Great St. *Paul*.
Th' *Apostles* did not understand
The Constitution of this Land;
Or else, *he* thinks, *they* had not Paid
Obedience Passive to Crown'd Head;
But made *Rebellion* a Successful *Trade*:
Their Corn by *his* own Bushel measures
Against our Royal injur'd *Cæsars*;
Who are Renown'd to *Turks* and *Tartars*,
For dying their vile Subjects Martyrs.

In

In Passion now and Truth begins
The Catalogue of *their* Black Sins.

Who Tamper'd first with Good *Queen Betty?*
But *She* soon silenc'd their Impetu-
Ous Clamours; took the wisest Course,
And put the Strictest Laws in Force.

Who yet did gain a Point in Game,
Trepann'd a *Queen* of Royal Fame?
For *they* by never-ceasing *Plots*
Brought to the Block the Queen of Scots.

Who then Imprison'd James the *First*
And for his Blood did greatly Thirst?
Gowry's *Conspiracy* will speak
Their Base *Assassinating* Freak.

Who did his Pious Son Behead?
But All his *Murderers* are Dead:
And English Whigs are yet no better Bred.

Who after that, went on and reckon'd
Themselves *Cock Sure* of Charles the *Second?*
But disappointed of their Hope,
They did *Repent* in Loyal *Rope*.
The *Gang* Complotted more than once,
Would fain have made Dice of his Bones.

Who Clubb'd at last, Caball'd, and Crowded
To get the DUKE of *YORK* Excluded
From our *Succession* so Renowned;
But baffl'd in their end, *Him* Crowned
With Flatteries and false Addresses,
And Hypocritical Carresses.

But

But now *He's* fairly *Dead and gone,*
And has forgiven ev'ry one.
If *He* had at *their Mercys* lay,
He'd paſs'd to Heav'n *Another Way.*

Amaſement ſtops my ſilent Mouth,
To tell each *Circumſtance* of Truth.
The *Perſons* I have ſpar'd to name,
For Mr. *F——guſon's* own Fame;
Who, it is hoped, is not *now* the *ſame.*

Thoſe were Diſſenters horrid *Crimes*
In Older Reigns and Former Times;
And if *thoſe Notions* now revive,
How ſhould this *Kingdom* ever Thrive?
Th' Occaſional Communicants
May run their *tolerated* Rants:

But why ſuch *Liberties* purſue?
What Scotland will not allow,
Why ſhould *they* claim as their juſt Due,
A Toleration *here*, and not *there* too?
The *Scots* are playing fine Vagaries,
As *They* were Govern'd by the *Fairies*;
They've made their *New Aſſociations*,
Againſt true *Engliſh* Innovations,
And all *Epiſcopal* Invaſions.
They *ſtrongeſt Covenants* now have made
To follow their *old Solemn* Trade
Of Basket-making, and *Rebelling*,
Rather than Change their *ſettled* Dwelling.
But if no *Law* theſe *Whigs* controuls,
Implacable and reſtleſs Souls;
The fatal *Wound* again will *Feſter*;
Our honeſt *Lands* all they'll *Sequeſter*;

And

And to support their growing Babel,
They'll turn St. *PAUL*'s into a *Stable*;
Or bring about, as *Drunken Sin* does,
A Reformation of Glass Windows.

Now if this *Chronical Disease*
From *Government* receives no ease,
I cannot here prescribe a *Cure*
For such a Frantick Calenture.
The next good Loyal Parliament will sure:
Consider of such Ways and Means
As may best now preserve the QUEEN's
Authority from *Whiggish* Pow'rs;
Which would fain turn *Her* out of Doors:
As Her FOREFATHERS honour'd were
To graze, and breath a *Foreign Air.*
The *Parliament* can soon find out

A Matter of ſo much *Diſpute*;
Whether the Nation is *ſecure*,
Without the PENAL LAWS in Ure?
For whatſoever *they* did *then*,
Like *Tragedies* they'd act again;
'Cauſe they're the ſame *Obdurate Wretches*,
And hate the QUEEN ſhould wear the Breeches:
That is, ſhould *Govern*; Be Commanding
Men, of a ſhrewder Underſtanding.
As if Great Hannover *were Landing.*

FINIS.